UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

From Honolulu to Japan

By CURTIS W. REESE

An Interpretation of the Lord's Prayer

By GUS RAUP

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V. CHAPTERS XIV AND XV

By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME CII | NUMBER 17

Chicago, January 7, 1929

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GARRETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is leaving directly after New Year's for a three months' trip to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes will contribute a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1929 NUMBER 17

PALESTINE

[A CHRISTMAS POEM FOR JEWS AND CHRISTIANS]

O holy land of Palestine,
  Where Jordan rolls its flood
From Hermon to the bitter lake
  Of ashes and of blood,
What handful of thy sacred sod
  Knows not the tears of men;
What hill or vale re-echoes not
  The cries of death and pain!

A hundred kings have sown thy soil
  With savage salt and rust;
A thousand swords thy city towers
  Have smitten to the dust;
But ever prophets scorn'd the wrath
  Of sceptre and of rod,
And held thy fetter'd people fast
  In fealty to God.

In Horeb's stony fastnesses
  Elijah heard the Word;
On Zion's mount, Isaiah spake
  The summons of the Lord;
John the Baptizer, in the waste,
  Repentance fiercely cried;
And Jesus, on a Roman cross,
  The Kingdom saw—and died.

Far-flung like seeds upon the wind
  These prophets quicken still;
In scatter'd lands, 'neath alien stars,
  They prove God's holy will;
And lo, the myriad tribes of earth
  In rapture turn to thee,
And lay upon thy sacred shrine
  The hearts of men made free.

O Palestine, thou holy land,
  I see thee rise anew;
Thy walls and towers, and fruited plains,
  A golden dream come true!
Thy law, the law of brotherhood;
  Thy rule, the rule of peace;
God gird thee, guide thee, gladden thee,
  And give thy days increase!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The dead of 1928 were numerous and distinguished. Perhaps in nothing was the necrology of the year so conspicuous as in the passing of great figures associated with the World War. Just ten years after the close of the struggle, many of its most famous leaders came to the close of their careers. First and foremost was HERBERT ASQUITH, appropriately offered a grave in Westminster Abbey which was characteristically declined in fidelity to his utterly modest and self-effacing spirit. Next, in England also, we note the death of EARL HAIG, buried in Dryburgh Abbey, close to the tomb of Sir Walter Scott. With him must be associated GENERAL CADORNA, defeated, and GENERAL DIAZ, victorious commander of Italy's armies, and ADMIRAL SCHEER, Germany's commander at the battle of Jutland. America records the loss of ROBERT LANSING, Secretary of State in Wilson's war cabinet, and EX-SENATOR CHAMBERLAIN, of Oregon, author of the Draft Act. To these may be added VISCOUNT HALDANE, who was so terribly abused at the opening of the war, and BARON WRANGEL, who was one of the invaders of revolutionary Russia after the war. A shocking event of the year was the assassination of GENERAL OBREGON, President-elect of Mexico. Italy mourned the passing, at a great old age, of her famous premier, GIOVANNI GIOLITTI. In this country, Senators GOODING, of Idaho, FERRIS, of Michigan, and WILLIS, of Ohio, and Representative MADDEN were familiar figures in Washington political life. Distinguished reformers and publicists, who died during this past year, include LAJPAT RAI, the great Indian nationalist leader, Mrs. EMILY PANKHURST, the immortal militant suffragist of England, and in the United States JAMES DUNCAN, veteran labor leader, LOUIS F. POST, single-tax advocate, PAXTON HIBBEN, champion of liberty and social progress, TALCOTT WILLIAMS and GEORGE HARVEY, journalists. To these may be added "BIG BILL" HAYWOOD, the I. W. W. leader, who died in exile in Moscow.

No field of life suffered heavier losses in 1928 than the theatre. Radiant, like a star, among the actors and actresses who passed away, is ELLEN TERRY. Veterans, like this loveliest of women, were ROBERT MANTELL, WILLIAM H. CRANE, and TOM WISE. Other famous stage figures, now no longer with us, are EMILY STEVENS, EDDIE FOY, HOLBROOK BLINN, LEO DEITRICHSTEIN, NORA BAYES, and LOIE FULLER, the dancer.

To these may be added three dramatists, R. C. CARTON, felicitous author of English society drama, HARTLEY MANNERS, author of "Peg o' My Heart," AVERY HOPWOOD, pioneer writer of "smutty" plays, and a musical comedy composer, LESLIE STUART, who wrote the perennial "Floradora." Literature also lost distinguished figures—first and foremost, THOMAS HARDY, whose ashes are in England's Abbey. Then, HERMANN SUDERMAN, great dramatist and novelist of Germany, BLASCO IBANEZ, Spanish author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," STANLEY J. WEYMAN, English romantic novelist, EDMUND GOSSE, distinguished English critic and essayist, GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, English historian and biographer, C. E. MONTAGUE, English novelist, DONN BYRNE, Irish novelist, and, here in America, MARGUERITE WILKINSON, poet, ELINOR WYLIE, poet and novelist, W. C. BROWNELL, critic, and the novelists, BASIL KING, FRANCES NEWMAN, and GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. In the church, we note the passing of CORNELIUS WOELFKIN, Baptist preacher, LUTHER B. WILSON, Methodist Bishop, LEON HARRISON, Jewish rabbi, WILLIAM J. DAWSON and REUBEN A. TORREY, evangelists, and AUGUSTA STETSON, Christian Scientist. In the field of education, the dead include ARCHIBALD C. COOLIDGE, of Harvard, WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS, authority on Japan, YVES GUYOT, French economist, T. W. RICHARDS, Harvard winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, EDGAR F. SMITH, late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, DR. HIDEYO NOGUCHI, of the Rockefeller Institute, and PAUL SABATIER, the great theologian of France.

Other dead of 1928 include certain famous artists —FRANZ VON STUCKE, painter of that unforgettable picture on "War," CHARLES SIMS, the English portrait painter, and our own beloved A. B. FROST, whose Negro pictures mark something like an epoch. Among musicians, we note only the death of EDMOND CLEMENT, the famous French tenor. Other notable dead, not easily classified in any one group, are FRANK CRANE, whose newspaper writings held the attention of millions of readers, GENERAL G. W. GOETHALS, who built the Panama Canal, CHANG TSO-LIN, the military leader of northern China, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN, great figures in business and politics, HUGH JENNINGS, baseball player, and ROALD AMUNDSEN, greatest of all explorers, appropriately dead in an unknown grave in the icy wastes of the Arctic. To all these we add, as a kind of benediction, FANNY GARRISON VILLARD, benignant soul and valiant servant of great causes, non-resistant pacifist. This is a mighty roll of the dead for a single year! How many will be remembered and known in history a hundred years hence? The war figures, as names at least, just because of their association with the most stupendous event of modern times; OBREGON, in Mexico at least, and probably MRS. PANKHURST, in England; none of the actors and actresses, and none of the ministers, for these of all men are first forgot; THOMAS HARDY, surely one of the immortals; GENERAL GOETHALS, for a work that is a part of the geography of earth; and the gallant AMUNDSEN! Are there any others? What is it that insures immortality? Must we be great in ourselves, or must we attach ourselves to great events and works? And what is fame, and what is it worth? Ponder these questions as you ponder these names!

In considering the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, and the whole problem of peace which it involves, it may be just as well to remind ourselves that we are never going to get this peace of which we dream without paying for it. Peace, in other words, is precious, and, like every precious thing, it exacts a price. Any idea that in a peace-world the nations can go right on acting as they act today in our existing war-world, is perfectly preposterous. Yet this is just what the nations seem to expect, if their reservations and interpretations in the case of the Paris Pact, for example, can be taken as evidence. They obviously think that, in the future as in the past, and today, they can take what they want, hold what they take, have their own way in every dispute, dictate terms to every competitor, and in general consult and serve their own particular interests while the rest of the world goes hang. As a matter of fact, of course, the first condition of peace is the recognition of the interests of all as superior to the interests of any one. Or, to put it another and better way, it is the understanding that the interests of all are the guarantee and protection of each. What is going to happen is that no one country will be able to be perfectly sure in the future that it is going to have every dispute, in which it may become engaged, necessarily settled in its own exclusive favor. It can't be perfectly sure of this now, for that matter, for the appeal to the arbitrament of arms may mean defeat quite as well as victory. But, in a world ordered in peace, the nations must agree to defer to law, and this means in the beginning the acceptance of the principle that an unfavorable outcome is at least possible. Selfishness, in other words, will subordinate itself to mutual advantage, pride yield to prudence, the sovereign will bow to the common law; and might surrender humbly to right! It will be a different world, after all, when a nation has to consider first not what it wants or demands, but what may be had on the basis of fact and reason, just as it was a very different world when an individual had to take not what he could bully out of his neighbor, but what law administered by courts would allow him. But is it not certain that in the end it will be found, in the case of nations, as it has been

found in the case of men, that justice is best served for each when it is served for all?

Yes—there is no doubt about it! Prohibition is practically impossible. Here, only a few weeks ago, a $2,000,000 seizure was effected at the port of New York. And today, as we write, we read of the seizure of a consignment valued at between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. Imagine such a gigantic smuggling game as this? Of course, if these seizures involved all the illegal goods that were being brought into the country, it would be a great victory, and would indicate that the officers of the law were getting the upper hand on the situation. But nobody pretends that even $5,000,000 worth of stuff is anything more than a drop in the bucket. This sort of thing is going on all the time. Where one consignment is detected, a hundred others get by, and thus flood the country. It is the sober opinion of United States Attorney Tuttle, of New York, that these recent huge seizures indicate "the existence of an international ring, with bases in France and Switzerland, from which shipments are made regularly to this country." And yet there are fanatics who declare that the law can and must be enforced! It is our own opinion that there is no law upon our statute books so difficult, so impossible, of enforcement as this. Therefore, would we not be wise if we considered a complete change of policy on this drug—!! DRUG!? Why, yes, dear friends—didn't you know we were talking about *drugs*? You thought, *liquor*? No, no, NO! We were referring to the recent sensational seizures of *narcotics*, which are prohibited in this country. How could you have imagined we were referring to liquor, after all we have said in favor of the 18th Amendment in these columns? Good heavens—Prohibition, as it is called, is not the only prohibition law in America. We not only prohibit traffic in liquor, but traffic in women, in convict-made goods, in impure food, and in—*drugs*. This last is what we were talking about in this editorial. The law is violated all the time, on a vast scale, by organized bootleggers. As compared with the prohibition of drugs, the prohibition of liquor is a "cinch" to enforce. Yet nobody argues that this anti-drug law should be repealed. Why?

The movement to reform the calendar strikes us as a real movement, which is certain sooner or later—sooner rather than later—to succeed. It has precedent on its side—the calendar has been reformed before, and therefore may well be reformed again. The suggested change is all in the interest of convenience, order and practicality. Instead of the present jumble of twenty-eight, thirty and thirty-one day months, all arranged helter-skelter, we shall have thirteen months of twenty-eight days each—the new month inserted between June and July—with one extra day each year to be used as a world-holiday, perhaps in celebration of universal peace! This scheme is a triumph of common-sense, and is certain in the end, as we have said, to win. Yet it has the inertia of long custom and established habit to overcome, and now and again the straight opposition of tradition. For example, at a recent meeting of a committee of the House of Representatives, Dr. Abram Simon, spokesman of the Synagogue Council of America, opposed the reform proposal on the ground that it would upset the fixed recurrence of the Jewish Sabbath. The thirteen month idea, he said, would create a "migratory" or "wandering" Sabbath. This seems a peculiar idea, until you understand what Dr. Simon is thinking about. Thus, it is his belief that the Sabbath has remained in due order of weekly succession since God rested after the six days of the creation! "Do you think that our Sabbath," he was asked at the hearing in question, "is still identical with creation?" "No one has ever challenged it," he replied, "absolutely." This statement would have taken our breath away, had we not remembered that the great host of Christian Fundamentalists would join Dr. Simon in this assertion, although there might be some dispute as to whether "Sabbath" meant the seventh day or the first day of the week. The central fact, however, shared by Jews and Christians alike, is the fact that there are millions of devoutly religious minds which know nothing that has happened since the canons of the Old Testament and the New were closed. Such minds stand fixedly in the way of all progress.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

It is a long time since we have read anything which has pleased us more than Harriet Monroe's editorial, "Why Not Laugh?" in the January issue of *Poetry*. Miss Monroe reminds us of Hans Christian Anderson's immortal story, "The Emperor's New Clothes"—

> "How the emperor was persuaded he was wearing new clothes when decked out in nothing at all; how when he marched at the head of the procession, all the people were persuaded of the emperor's new clothes and dared not believe their astonished eyes; how finally out of a child's mouth came the first utterance of truth, 'The emperor has nothing on!'"

This simple utterance set everybody laughing, the sham was exposed, and straightway became shame.

What we need, says Miss Monroe, is some good honest laughter at the shams which take themselves so seriously in our time. It is easy to get mad and denounce, so irritating are these empty absurdities. But why get mad? It is a lot easier to laugh, and laughter is infinitely more devastating than wrath. "I listen

hard," says Miss Monroe, "for a grand guffaw to resound through whispering spaces sacred to very mortal gods. So many of these proud gods have nothing much on." And she more than half intimates that if we had but a modicum of the candor and simplicity of children, we would be laughing ourselves sick at what we see.

Scorning to speak in generalities only, Miss Monroe looks at her own field of literature, and tells us what, or rather whom, we should laugh at. Gertrude Stein, for example, that sombre sham who talks unintelligibly about "correlating sight, sound and sense," and succeeds in eliminating them all, particularly "sense"! Ezra Pound, raging in his voluntary exile, and writing what he chooses to call poetry! James Joyce, "that bulky god whose genius gets all tangled up in words"! H. L. Mencken—here is heresy!—"why not laugh at him and his would-be-autocratic decrees"! These are Miss Monroe's jokes, and they are ours, too. And we have some others, at whom Miss Monroe only hints, like T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings. And we have some jokes of our very own—such as "H. D." and George Jean Nathan. These, and many others, are loads of fun. To take them and their antics seriously, as they portentously do themselves, is to miss a goodly portion of the joy of life. They are the clowns of the literary circus. Laugh!

What Miss Monroe has here done so beautifully and audaciously for literature, should be done for other fields of human action as well. Music, for example! When the so-called "modern music" first burst upon our affrighted ears, we waxed indignant. At a certain concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, when we had listened for a half-hour to drums, cymbals, siren whistles, blaring horns, and tortured strings, all tangled together in a concatenation of sounds so hideous that we expected the walls to fall, our patience gave way, and we joined others in hisses and cat-calls of protest. But we do not do this any more! Now, when these imitations of boiler-factories, steam-riveters and elevated railroads rock a concert-hall under the guise of music, we just laugh. And it is amazing to discover, as we laugh, how others take courage and join us in merriment. A little more guffawing, and our symphony orchestras will recover their wits, and give concerts instead of vaudeville performances.

Once started in this way, laughter should travel wide and far. Why not laugh, for example, at our generals and admirals? They are an irritating lot, we agree. Such prodigious ignorance wrapped up in such a gorgeous display of proud pomposity! But look at these glittering dummies through the lenses of your sense of humor! We never see them without thinking of birds we know—the crowing rooster (a colonel in command of his regiment), the waddling duck (an admiral in his fat old age), the pouter-pigeon (a swollen chest bespread with decorations), the peacock (that gorgeous tail is nothing but a uniform), and always the dodo (extinct, but he doesn't know it). These admirals and generals are just a collection of the funniest birds that ever fluttered feathers, that is all, and they should be viewed accordingly. We hope, and expect, to live to see the time when a great military parade will come marching down the street, and somebody begins to laugh at the antics of the thing. Just let one man start laughing—and it will be all over! Militarism couldn't last a day after the joke of it was exposed. War may be killed by horror, but our own opinion is that it is much more likely to be killed by hilarity. At any rate, we ourselves have gotten to the point where we cannot see a general or an admiral, even their statues on our streets, without laughing right out loud. You see, they always set us thinking of Gilbert and Sullivan—the captain of the "Pinafore," and Major-General Stanley.

Then there are others to laugh at—O, so many! President Coolidge, for example! Ever since we heard of the electric horse in the attic of the White House, we see the noble Calvin jiggling up and down on that machine for his morning exercise, and think how perfect a parable it is. For the President's statesmanship is just like his horsemanship—a toy make-believe. And then the President's cabinet ministers—Mellon, Sargent, and especially and particularly Wilbur. Aren't they *funny?* What a loss when they retire, and thus no longer adorn the engaging scene!

And "Billy" Sunday is "funny"—a whole circus in himself. And Edgar Guest, America's most popular poet! And Senator Heflin, the frock-coated, white-vested, and broad-brim-hatted senator from Alabama! And Professor Shotwell, in his desperate attempts to capture the Outlawry of War lime-light! And President Nicholas Murray Butler, with his weekly pontifical utterances which are so unanimously ignored! And Bishop Manning, in his world-famous parody-act on Christianity! And the Rotarians! And the K. K. K.'s. And the Democrats!

And OURSELVES! Nobody knows, we hope, how funny we are. But *we* know. And we are sorry for any man who cannot see his own ridiculousness. For to laugh at oneself is the one sure way of protecting oneself from the laughter of others. The invariably funny men are those who take themselves with utter seriousness. Never for a moment realizing how funny they are, they stir everybody else to mirth by their own solemnity. But when we see our own funnyness, and laugh at ourselves—why, inevitably, we take on a certain dignity. The dignity that goes with honesty! So, if you would be saved from being a joke to others, be a joke to yourself. See yourself in the perspective of eternity—set yourself against the background of the

universe. Get a sense of proportion. Then you will laugh at yourself in humility, and in this humility find pity for yourself—and others! Yes, Miss Monroe is right. "If all else fails, we may laugh at oneself—the most digestible food of all for laughter."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

"Sargent Will Sue for Oil Profits."—New York *Times*.

When we first read this headline, we had the idea that John T. Sargent was proposing to get his share of some of the enormous profits reaped by dealers from sales of his paintings. Then we remembered that Sargent, the painter, was dead.

Curious things happen these days! Only a short while ago we were berated for asking a marriage couple to live together "till death do us part"; and last week we were harshly criticized for mentioning immortality at a funeral service. Gilbert and Sullivan thought that "the policeman's lot (was) not a happy one." But what about the poor minister?

We passed on Fifth Avenue, the other day, a "Bootery." This seemed to us a most attractive word. Why not extend its use to "shoe-ery," "fruitery," "candy-ery," "drugery," "bookery"? Surely, the uses of this verbal form are illimitable.

Nations have no difficulty in competing with one another in the matter of increasing their navies. Why should they not find it possible to compete with one another in the matter of decreasing their navies? Why not a parity on the basis of a minimum instead of a maximum? When we were in school we found subtraction just as valid and workable a process as addition. So will the nations—when war is outlawed!

How many readers have noticed the great significance of the cover-design of Upton Sinclair's novel, "Boston"—the turret of Faneuil Hall overtopped and overshadowed by the lofty tower of the new Custom House? This is progress—money shoving out ideals!

We learn from the *News Letter* of the Women's Peace Society that, amid all the myriad war memorials of the world, there are only three peace memorials—the Christ of the Andes, the Peace Bridge between Canada and the United States, and the memorial to the Peace Pact between Sweden and Norway.

Herbert Hoover's journey to South America has its practical uses. We have learned that Brazil is larger than the United States—by not less than 250,000 square miles.

J. H. H.

Travel Notes—From Honolulu to Japan

[Editorial Correspondence]

November 23. We arrived in Honolulu on the morning of November 15. The usual reception was given by a band which was duly and properly compensated by the steamship company. Garlands were thrown about the necks of various and sundry. Suitable negotiations were had with the taxi men, and soon our party was comfortably seated in two Packards and moving cityward. My driver was a native, fat, funny and philosophical. He attended a mission school and later a school financed by the Bishop Fund (wow, we have just descended from the top of a wave hitherto unsurpassed in my "lengthy" life as a seaman). As a caddy the driver learned golf and so recently, when a Honolulu club offered a cup, he entered the tournament and won. He said there was much in favor of the native religion, a sort of nature worship. I agreed with him. We got intimate. He confided that he took no stock in the "imported religions." He gave much information about places and people—some of which was accurate. When questioned too closely he laughed and took refuge in a guide-book.

We drove through the crater of a defunct volcano, ate Dole's pineapples, went to Pali where the wind fairly lifts one, and then returned to the city. We visited a Buddhist temple, which is administered by a Scotchman; we saw the beautiful Christian Union Church which was built by Dr. Palmer, now of Oak Park, Illinois. The present minister is Dr. Swartz, whose brother is in Galesburg.

Everywhere we heard of the old mission families: The Athertons, the Joneses, the Damons, the Cookes and the Castles. They are the equivalent of the Mayflower families and the first families of old Virginia. They were devoted missionaries and their descendants are successful real estate dealers. Both generations have served the islands well.

Both before and after the days of the missionaries, civilization came very near wiping out the natives. Once the native population was nearly 200,000; it is now 22,000. The driver said whiskey did it (well, this is quite a sea. I will go upstairs and see what it is all about).

To return to Honolulu, the driver said that perhaps it was just as well that America got the islands, that if we had not Japan would. He said the natives and the Chinese get along beautifully, and that the children of such mixed marriages lead their classes. In the Cooke Art Museum I saw a collection of photographs made originally for the San Francisco Exposition by Mr. Gurrey, showing the types produced by the mixture of Hawaiian with some ten or a dozen other races. One could hardly find, or want, finer types.

Like California, it was an "unusually" rainy day in Honolulu.

We sailed at 5 o'clock. The native boys dived from the top of the ship (some 50 feet) and chased coins downward into the sea. One fellow turned a beautiful somersault from the top of the ship.

I noticed in a Honolulu paper that the *President Cleveland* has on board His Highness the Director of Public Health of Siam, so I looked him up and invited him to tea. His name is Sakol Varavarn. His wife is a cultured German. They have a small daughter. Our party was glad to have an opportunity to learn of the "limits" of the exercise of power in absolute monarchy. His Highness has been studying public health conditions in Europe and America. He was a bit disappointed with the public health program in Chicago, but admitted that he was there only one day. He diplomatically remarked that Chicago has a peculiar political situation. He fears for the passing of his race, thinks that Siam must become modern in its own way; says that Siam saved its independence by sending an army to help England whip Burmah, which is Siam's old enemy. He thinks it was a wise move on the part of Siam to open its doors before some Perry had a chance to shell the land. He recommends the formation of a commission to find out scientifically what in point of fact is the result of the use of opium. So far in the study of the subject we have sentiment without facts. The tea was a distinct success. I will search the ship for other notables.

In the November issue of the "American Mercury," George Jean Nathan writes of deck sports. He says a man may be judged by what he does on shipboard. The idea seems to be that we should be so self-sufficient that we could find ample amusement in our own thoughts rather than "shoving rubber discs with a long paddle, hitting ping pong balls, throwing a circular piece of rope over a net," betting on the ship's run and the races of 10-inch wooden horses. He is more than half-right; still, as a loyal son-in-law of Kentucky and in view of my present winnings, I must reserve judgment on the wooden horses.

At Honolulu I received a letter from the Rev. Nobuichiro Imaoka, a director of the Japan Religious Association, and the representative of UNITY in Japan. He extended an invitation to deliver an address before a group of liberal Buddhists and Christians on the evening of the 27th in Tokyo. He asked for a reply by radio. I accepted for myself and party. No doubt, it will be an interesting meeting, aside from the address.

It is good that my sea legs were gained from San Francisco to Honolulu, for today the sea, which only yesterday was so calm and beautiful, is raging mad.

Obviously, the Pacific was misnamed.

CURTIS W. REESE.

At Sea, S.S. President Cleveland.

An Interpretation of the Lord's Prayer

M. and I fell to talking one day about prayer, its use and value, and its general nature. We found that we both had been thinking along the same lines concerning it, so our discussion became, rather than any sort of argument, a mutual discovering and defining of opinions.

We were both fixed in an original assertion that there is no person-like being called God, of certain dimensions, in a certain fixed place, to pray to. Prayer, we agreed, was a reaching toward, and establishing of contact with, the great central spirit of Life, of holy attribute, within and around us.

Our discussion covered much ground and carried us to many favorite books and guidances. But the central theme of it all was the Lord's Prayer.

A discovery of similar attitude toward this grew out of expressions of mutual feeling that the proper way to pray is to review—each day, or so often as one needs it—the nature and meaning of the universe and of our place in it. This, we said, gets us into touch with the infinite harmonies and wisdoms of the universe and transfers these harmonies and wisdoms to our souls and bodies, this being the object, as we see it, of all prayer.

"Do you know," said M. at this point, "I believe that Jesus's instructions concerning prayer followed this idea exactly? And that in the Lord's Prayer he gave us an outline for use in reviewing this universal theme."

"That is just what I have thought for a long time," I replied—and our thrilling voyage was on. We rushed forward in a happy and breathless outlining of our convictions, each one contributing his special facets to this supreme and lovely jewel.

When you pray, said Jesus, in effect, leave behind all exhibitional and mechanistic devices and, withdrawing to yourself, consider the Father in secret. Then he makes, once and for all time, to help us in this, a pattern of the ultimate lowest terms of God and life and ourselves.

To help us understand more truly how the Lord's Prayer is to be used as a formula for meditation and why it is a statement of the basic structure of the universe, we agreed that it should be regarded as a series, not of petitions, but of affirmations. Our Father *is* in heaven. His name *is* hallowed, etc. We found that we both had been using this interpretation of it for a number of years.

We dwelt here upon the fact that, like everything else Jesus did, this philosophizing found specialization in life rather than in the separate field of philosophy. Think on these things, said Jesus, so your life will be made and kept beautiful, happy and fine. Jesus' task was, of course, the establishing of his church of truth, but his material—his profession, we might say—was life.

We considered how he included in his make-up all the geniuses for all the fields of men's work; how he was himself the lowest terms of the universe, the embodiment of life itself.

Jesus starts his prayer-pattern with a positive keynote assertion, namely: Our Father which art in heaven, or, as we think he means, Our Father *is* in heaven.

We are parts of God, of that essence which is the center and source of the tangible and intangible universe, which *is* the universe. We are its children, its

sons, with, deep in our make-up, all of its attributes and wisdoms and powers.

This thought gathers the whole of the Lord's Prayer and of all prayer into one sweeping sentence. All that Jesus outlines in the remainder of the prayer grows out of or serves to explain this truth. It is as single and unified as God himself.

As a jubilant final emphasis and virtual restatement of this opening theme, Jesus asserts:

His name is holy.

Holy and best, the entity to hold to above all else, the finest thing in the world.

Next, Jesus puts down the various truths about this Father as he relates to us and to our lives as a part of his.

The first truth is: His kingdom is coming. His will is being done in earth as it is in heaven. Which is to say, His kingdom is coming in matter as it is in spirit, in the globes and orbits of our lives, as it is in the globes and orbits of the stars!

We both confessed to an unshakeable conviction that everything which happens to us is for our good; and we felt that Jesus was right in placing this great truth of the organization of the universe first in his list of subjects for meditation. . . . M. liked to word it thus: His kingdom is coming *through the doing of* his will. And I liked this interpretation, too. The "good" being a saving of our lives from material domination and a bringing of them into definite conscious oneness with the great life-force. . . . We humans are checked in our poor plans, and otherwise disciplined and hurt, that we may be saved to follow God, and be brought to desire to follow him and his happiness.

The same holding true for our lives viewed as parts of the common or social life. The common life, we said, is heading through all events toward a Kingdom of Heaven on this earth, in which matter will be subjugated to spirit, and in which will prevail a balanced well-being of body and soul for all, with unity as its key-word (a unity symbolical of the globe of God himself).

We constructed an explanation thus: Life is a stream, whose basic principle is flow. To be clean and safe it must be kept moving ever onward within its true channel. All that happens to us of pain or joy, individually or socially, is the work of God bringing us back out of broken banks and clearing our courses of all damming obstructions, that we may go freshly and purely onward. . . . With the goal, of course, that ocean of complete oneness with all life (or, God), in which we know we are a part of the whole, and are happy to lend ourselves full-souledly to its mighty cosmic ebbs and flows.

The second truth is: He giveth us this day our daily bread.

Jesus seems to have had as one of his main teachings and assurances this: that we do not need to fear—anything! We are the sons of God, he says in essence, so why should we be afraid! Nothing can hurt us. If anything happens to our bodies, for instance, it cannot separate our real selves, our souls, from the Father of life. And so on through all the parts of our life structure. We are peculiarly inviolable. And in addition, as stated before, all that happens to us has as its purpose the bringing of us to a greater closeness with the Father. . . . The Father is anxious always to do things for us toward keeping us healthily in the life stream, because we are an integral and necessary part of that stream and of his purpose for it.

He maintains our physical existence even, as anyone who has followed a course of spiritual activity knows full well. Giving us actual daily bread. How often when we have been doing our appointed work, and following our light, have we been helped beyond our own powers of helping. We may have made an effort to get bread and have failed, but we have always had bread, nevertheless.

I have always contended—and M. believes the same—that this assurance applies only if we are actively in the stream, doing the Father's work. In fact, herein lies a spiritually scientific explanation of the reason for our always having bread. We are making our contribution to the stream; that stream is an unpartitioned unit, and therefore we get in return our daily bread, even though our contribution may not have had as its direct object the earning of that bread. The person who lies back in ease thinking God will provide is out of the running, literally and figuratively. Instead of bread he is due to receive a forcible jolt back into his proper course. He must give to receive.

But one of the chief beauties we see in this promise is that bread does not mean physical bread alone, but food for our mental and spiritual selves as well. God wants us to have no lack for any of the things we need to insure the advancing and maintaining of our whole lives. How many times have we met just the right person when we needed him, found the right book or painting or musical composition, been given just the right vacation or trip or experience to insure our full development and to save our souls!

He forgiveth our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

Here Jesus sweeps away in one stroke another of our great fears, a very general one, indeed; that we are losing, or will lose, our "souls," and so be shut out forever from the gracious goodness of life, and be compelled to suffer eternally for our sins. Jesus says, Forget it! God does not want us to be cast out or to suffer. He wants us just to keep on *living*—to see our mistakes, admit them, make them right as nearly as possible, and resolve not to repeat them. Only, to get back into the flowing channel of life as quickly as possible, and stay there. The Father punishes us only when we get out of this channel, and his punishment is merely the method he uses to make us turn back.

M. and I tarried for some time here, discussing the nature of this channel. We found a clarifying parallel for it in the processes of the body and of all biological life. Again we come upon the principle of flow. The body takes food into itself, absorbs those of the food's elements that it needs, and passes the remainder on. It takes air in and out, gathering life elements from it and giving it, in turn, to carry away, poisons which are brought from the other moving processes of the body's life by the continually coursing blood. Upon the orderly maintaining of this active and retroactive continuity depends the health of the physical being. What we know as illness is a stoppage of this flow at any point.

The plant, the flower, the tree, take through themselves the life-giving elements of earth, air, sun and rain, and push up and up to a maturity in which seeds are formed, to fall to the ground in their turn and start the cycle over again, and so on unendingly. Ani-

mals devour plants and smaller animals—*"ad infinitum,"* as the verse says—that their own lives may go on to fulfill their destiny in maintaining the next degree of life above them.

The rain falls to the earth, to pass upward again in vapor to the clouds, whose function it is to send it back in rain again. The stars and planets stay in their places at the price of unremitting rotation and revolution, the pull and counter-pull of which parallel the function of the current and banks of the life stream. The basic form of the universe, the circle, is the very symbol of motion.

Carrying the analogy into the realm of the personal life the same law applies. Life for the human is a continuous program of work, of growth, of reproduction, of social creation. Stop any of these outlets for the life energy that flows through man, and what is the result? Unhappiness, madness and reflecting body disease.

Everything is flow, and flow is good, and good is another word for love. We have, Jesus points out, the complete principle embodied in our own hearts, for we, in love, forgive those who trespass against us—we understand and condone and, like God, want only that the life be cleansed of its fault so its happy advance can go on.

The formula for redemption, stated a few paragraphs back—"to see our mistakes, admit them, make them right as nearly as possible, and resolve not to repeat them"—we worked out from our thinking on other portions of Jesus's teaching. A discussion of it beyond the statement already given is beyond the limits of this note.

He leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth us from evil.

In other words, means Jesus, if we keep our souls in constant touch with the Father, who is the very principle of flow, we cannot overrun our banks, or allow obstructions to stop the current of our true lives.

And how can the soul so keep in touch with Him? M. and I went over the many ways we humans have of establishing and maintaining contact with the Infinite. I can only name a few of them here: Holy Writ, prayer (meditation), work, art, humanity, love, rhythmic change in the inner and outer life, physical and mental discipline, the undertaking of all life's duties, association with old people and children, friendship, play. The means of grace given to us are numberless. They are as many as all the joys of all the separate hearts in the world.

If we want the Father's truth and harmony we need only to seek a means to bring them down. They are ours for the asking.

For he is the kingdom, and power, and glory.

We come now, in a summing up, to a presenting of the reasons why God is and does all the things so far enumerated. This summing up being really but a fuller analyzing of the attributes of God.

He is kingdom.

God, life, is everything: continents, oceans, earth, stars, planets, rocks, trees, animals, plants, thoughts, things, white men, yellow men, brown men, black men, red men, beauty, truth, love. God is the great One . . . The contemplation of this fact alone lifts us up and out into the harmony of infinite soul—especially when we are crowded by the many properties and pressures of our highly material life.

God is the great One, and we are parts of that one; therefore we have nothing to fear! Here is the first of the reasons for God's goodness to us in his blessing of events, his providing for daily food, his forgiving of sins, and his protecting from sinning. . . . Nothing in the universe can separate us from this One—for where could we go, or into what state could we be changed, that we would be outside the limits of its boundaries!

And since this One is *good*—what seen or unseen force can harm us!

He is power.

The very essence of movement is power. Whatever moves has power behind or within it. Movement *is* power. And since God is an infinite process of movement, then he is power. And since we are parts of God, we possess, can draw upon, are, this same power.

No theme in all the list is so productive of uplifting and enheartening meditation as this. . . . God—in us—is power to achieve mastery over the material universe and our physical selves, to find our task and serve greatly, to love with success, to help others to the lighted life, to attain to health and happiness, to bring about the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. . . . What can we not accomplish if we utilize this truth!

God is also power for higher masteries than we are yet familiar with. The things I do, ye shall do also, and more, so said Jesus, who moulded life, and canceled death, and transmuted the elements of the physical world.

The second explaining source of God's ability and eagerness to care for us—we might almost say, of His inability not to care for us.

He is glory.

That is to say, God is the source of all that is beautiful and fine and great in the universe. Name any lovely thing: it is the product or reflection of some attribute of his. How then could he do otherwise than desire and plan and evolve for us, and help us to desire and plan and evolve, the best that there is in life?

This reason, the reason of beauty, Jesus sees fit to put as the highest and final one of his list. There is material for another whole separate paper in the considering of this position. Suffice it to say here that the fact that the attribute of beauty is given, not only the leading place among the sources of good in the organization of the universe, but the climatic position in the whole prayer itself is surely not a matter of chance.

M. and I both confessed to a practice of naming over, as a meditation, especially when we were tired or depressed, all the things beautiful and of good report we could think of. This was for us an act of almost certain relief from the oppressive dominance of the material, ugly, near-sighted life about us. And we recommend this to everyone as a true and simple and effective form of prayer.

For ever and ever. . . . Amen.

To the attributes of infinity, of beneficent omniscience and omnipotence, and of creative beauty, is now added the attribute of eternality. God—and we through him—are without beginning or end, the great all-embracing *is*, the deathless, brightly-aflame I AM.

The prayer thus, like the practice of prayer, has brought us up and up to a closing climax on the tableland of God. It has presented before our eyes, in a

few perfect paragraphs, the universe complete, reduced to its essence in God, and God reduced to its essence in us, or we in him. And it leaves us there, braced and secure against the darkening, downward pull of matter, with all its stoppage and decay.

GUS RAUP.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XIV AND XV

Face to Face With Ahimsa

My object was to inquire into the condition of the Champaran agriculturists and understand their grievances against the indigo planters. For this purpose it was necessary that I should meet thousands of the ryots. But I deemed it essential, before starting on my inquiry, to know the planters' side of the case and see the Commissioner of the Division. I sought and was granted appointments with both.

The Secretary of the Planters' Association told me plainly that I was an outsider and that I had no business to come between the planters and their tenants, but if I had any representation to make, I might submit it in writing. I politely told him that I did not regard myself as an outsider, and that I had every right to inquire into the condition of the tenants if they desired me to do so.

The Commissioner, on whom I called, proceeded to bully me and advised me forthwith to leave Tirhut.

I acquainted my co-workers with all this, and told them that there was a likelihood of Government stopping me from proceeding further and that I might have to go to jail earlier than I had expected, and that if I was to be arrested it would be best that the arrest should take place in Motihari and if possible in Bettiah. It was advisable, therefore, that I should go to those places as early as possible.

Champaran is a district of the Tirhut division and Motihari is its headquarters. Rajkumar Shukla's place was in the vicinity of Bettiah and the tenants belonging to the *Kothis* in its neighborhood were the poorest in the district. Rajkumar Shukla wanted me to see them and I was equally anxious to do so.

So I started with my co-workers for Motihari the same day. Babu Gorakhprasad harbored us in his home, which became a caravanserai. It could hardly contain us all. The very same day we heard that about five miles from Motihari a tenant had been ill-treated. It was decided that in company with Babu Dharanidharprasad I should go and see him the next morning, and we accordingly set off for the place on elephant's back. An elephant, by the way, is about as common in Champaran as a bullock-cart in Gujarat. We had scarcely gone half-way when a messenger from the police superintendent overtook us and said that the latter had sent his compliments. I saw what he meant. Having left Dharanidharbabu to proceed to the original destination, I got into the hired carriage which the messenger had brought. He then served on me a notice to leave Champaran, and drove me to my place. On his asking me to acknowledge service of notice, I wrote to the effect that I did not propose to comply with it and leave Champaran till my inquiry was finished. Thereupon I received a summons to take my trial the next day for disobeying the order to leave Champaran.

I kept awake that whole night writing letters and giving necessary instructions to Babu Brajakishoreprasad.

The news of the notice and the summons spread like wildfire and I was told that Motihari that day witnessed unprecedented scenes. Gorakhbabu's house and the courthouse overflowed with men. Fortunately, I had finished all my work during the night and so was able to cope with the crowds. My companions proved the greatest help. They occupied themselves with regulating the crowds, for the latter followed me wherever I went.

A sort of friendliness sprang up between the officials—Collector, Magistrate, Police Superintendent—and myself. I might have legally resisted the notices served on me. Instead, I accepted them all, and my conduct towards the officials was correct. They thus saw that I did not want to offend them personally, but that I wanted to offer civil resistance to their orders. In this way they were put at ease, and instead of harassing me they gladly availed themselves of my and my co-workers' co-operation in regulating the crowds. But it was an ocular demonstration to them of the fact that their authority was shaken. The people had for the moment lost all fear of punishment, and yielded obedience to the power of love which their new friend exercised.

It should be remembered that no one knew me in Champaran. The peasants were all ignorant. Champaran, being far up north of the Ganges and right at the foot of the Himalayas in close proximity to Nepal, was cut off from the rest of India. The Congress was practically unknown in those parts. Even those who had heard the name of the Congress shrank from joining it or even mentioning it. And now the Congress and its members had entered this land, though not in the name of the Congress, yet in a far more real sense.

In consultation with my co-workers I had decided that nothing should be done in the name of the Congress. What we wanted was work and not name, substance and not shadow. For the name of the Congress was the *bete noire* of the Government and their controllers—the planters. To them the Congress was a by-word for lawyers' wrangles, evasion of law through legal loopholes, a by-word for bomb and anarchical crime and for diplomacy and hypocrisy. We had to disillusion them both. Therefore we had decided not to mention the name of the Congress, and not to acquaint the peasants with the organization called the Congress. It was enough, we had thought, if they understood and followed the spirit of the Congress, instead of its letter.

No emissaries had therefore been sent there, openly or secretly, on behalf of the Congress to prepare the ground for our arrival. Rajkumar Shukla was in-

capable of reaching the thousands of peasants. No political work had yet been done amongst them. The world outside Champaran was not known to them. And yet they received me as though we had been age-long friends. It is no exaggeration but the literal truth to say that in this meeting with the peasants I was face to face with God, Ahimsa and Truth.

When I come to examine my title to this realization, I find nothing but my love for the people. And this in turn is nothing but an expression of my unshakeable faith in Ahimsa.

That day in Champaran was an unforgettable event in my life, and a red-letter day for the peasants and for me.

According to the law, I was to be on my trial, but truly speaking, Government was to be on its trial. The Commissioner only succeeded in trapping Government in the net which he had spread for me.

Case Withdrawn

The trial began. The Government pleader, the Magistrate and other officials were on tenterhooks. They were at a loss to know what to do. The Government pleader was pressing the Magistrate to postpone the case. But I interfered and requested the Magistrate not to postpone the case, as I wanted to plead guilty to having disobeyed the order to leave Champaran, and read a brief statement as follows:

With the permission of the court, I would like to make a brief statement showing why I have taken the very serious step of seemingly disobeying the order passed under Section 144 of Cr. P. C. In my humble opinion it is a question of difference of opinion between the local administration and myself. I have entered the country with motives of rendering humanitarian and national service. I have done so in response to a pressing invitation to come and help the ryots, who urge they are not being fairly treated by the indigo planters. I could not render any help without studying the problem. I have, therefore, come to study it with the assistance, if possible, of the administration and the planters. I have no other motive and cannot believe that my coming can in any way disturb public peace and cause loss of life. I claim to have considerable experience in such matters. The administration, however, have thought differently. I fully appreciate their difficulty, and I admit, too, that they can only proceed upon information they receive. As a law-abiding citizen, my first instinct would be, as it was, to obey the order served upon me. But I could not do so without doing violence to my sense of duty to those for whom I have come. I feel that I could just now serve them only by remaining in their midst. I could not, therefore, voluntarily retire. Amid this conflict of duty I could only throw the responsibility of removing me from them on the administration. I am fully conscious of the fact that a person holding, in the public life of India, a position such as I do, has to be most careful in setting an example. It is my firm belief that in the complex constitution under which we are living, the only safe and honorable course for a self-respecting man is, in the circumstances such as face me, to do what I have decided to do, that is, to submit without protest to the penalty of disobedience.

I venture to make this statement not in any way in extenuation of the penalty to be awarded against me, but to show that I have disregarded the order served upon me not for want of respect for lawful authority, but in obedience to the higher law of our being, the voice of conscience.

There was now no occasion to postpone the hearing, but as both the Magistrate and the Government pleader had been taken by surprise, the Magistrate postponed judgment. Meanwhile, I had wired full details to the Viceroy, to Patna friends, as also to Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and others.

Before I could appear before the court to receive the sentence, the Magistrate sent a written message that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor had ordered the case against me to be withdrawn, and the Collector wrote to me saying that I was at liberty to conduct the proposed inquiry and that I might count on whatever help I needed from the officials. None of us was prepared for this prompt and happy issue.

I called on the Collector, Mr. Heycock. He seemed to be a good man, anxious to do justice. He told me that I might ask for whatever papers I desired to see and that I was at liberty to see him whenever I liked.

The country thus had its first direct object lesson in civil disobedience. The affair was freely discussed, both locally and in the press, and my inquiry got unexpected publicity.

It was necessary for my inquiry that the Government should remain neutral. But the inquiry did not need support from press reporters or leading articles in the press. Indeed, the situation in Champaran was so delicate and difficult that over-energetic criticism or highly colored reports might easily damage the cause which I was seeking to espouse. So I wrote to the editors of the principal papers requesting them not to trouble to send any reporters, as I should send them whatever might be necessary for publication and keep them informed.

I knew that the Government attitude countenancing my presence had displeased the Champaran planters, and I knew that even the officials, though they could say nothing openly, could hardly have liked it. Incorrect or misleading reports, therefore, were likely to incense them all the more, and their ire, instead of descending on me, would be sure to descend on the poor fear-stricken ryots, and seriously hinder my search for the truth about the case.

In spite of these precautions, the planters engineered against me a poisonous agitation. All sorts of falsehoods appeared in the press about my co-workers and myself. But my extreme cautiousness and my insistence on truth, even to the minutest detail, turned the edge of their sword.

The planters left no stone unturned in maligning Brajakishorebabu, but the more they maligned him, the more he rose in the estimation of the people.

In such a delicate situation as this, I did not think it proper to invite any leaders from other provinces. Pandit Malaviyaji had sent me an assurance that whenever I wanted him, I had only to send him word, but I did not trouble him. I thus prevented the struggle from assuming a political aspect. But I sent to the leaders and the principal papers occasional reports, not for publication but merely for their information. I had seen that even where the end might be political, but where the cause was non-political, one damaged it by giving it a political aspect, and helped by keeping it within its non-political limit. The Champaran struggle was a proof of the fact that disinterested service of the people in any sphere ultimately helps the country politically.

M. K. Gandhi.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Autumn Friendship

How beautiful is friendship newly born
Between two kindred souls in Autumn met;
Surpassing all youth's ardors passion-torn.
No flower of Spring with purer dew was wet.

Dombey Shepherd.

The Study Table

The Orient

We have already, on their accession, reviewed for UNITY Sun Yat-sen's own book, "The International Development of China," and Wong Ching-wai's "China and the Nations." We now have an English translation of "San Min Chu I."[1] Sun Yat-sen's statement of the famous "Three Principles of the People," upon which the Kuomintang (People's Party) has been founded. The book has gone through edition after edition in Chinese and the translation before us, made by Frank W. Price and edited by L. T. Chen, is from the tenth Chinese edition. The statement of the Three Principles was made by Dr. Sun in the form of extemporaneous lectures. He had prepared a more careful and formal presentation for publication, but it was destroyed by the revolt in 1922. As he himself says: "My notes and manuscripts which represented the mental labor of years and hundreds of foreign books which I had collected for reference were destroyed by fire." The Three Principles are discussed under the three simple names—Nationalism, Democracy and Livelihood. Under each of them Sun Yat-sen has much of importance to say. His thought underwent notable changes in the course of his active years. At one time rather slavishly a follower of the West, he came to be more and more critical of its ideas. Curiously, while it may be broadly stated that he was more radical, he was also more conservative and tolerant toward old Chinese thought and practice. Thus, he claims to use the word liberty in a sense different from that of the West. He wants liberty for the Chinese, but it is not unbridled, individual liberty for which he appeals. The Chinese individual already has plenty of liberty—or too much. He says: "On no account must we give more liberty to the individual; let us secure liberty instead for the nation." Just as he does not want the western brand of liberty, so he wants a fuller and better democracy than is to be found in Europe or America. In his discussion of Democracy, he makes an interesting analysis. He recognizes four political powers of the people and urges the full exercise of all in China. They are suffrage, recall, initiative and referendum. He finds five administrative features in governmental power — three Western, two old Chinese—legislature, judiciary, executive, examination, censorship.

> When the four political powers of the people control the five governing powers of the government, then we will have a completely democratic government organ, and the strength of the people and of the government will be well balanced.

No such complete democracy exists, but he believes that it might be realized in China. In his discussion of Livelihood, he recognizes three fundamental human needs which government should fully meet — food, clothing and shelter. He goes into interesting detail as to what should be done, and how. Unfortunately, the discussion of shelter was never given, but the other two were fully developed. Sun Yat-sen was not at all afraid of the word communism, though he avoids its use. His "Men-shing Principle Is Practical Communism." In connection with his Principle of Livelihood, Dr. Sun stood for land equalization, public ownership and increased production. As an example of his attitude we may quote what he says of clothing:

> The State should establish clothing factories everywhere on a large scale. These factories should manufacture the clothing needed by the people, according to the population and temperature of the seasons, in the various sections of the country. Every one should be supplied with the necessary clothing; not one person should be left out. This is the duty which the government of the San Min Chu I State owes to its people with respect to the necessity of clothing.

It is readily seen that this book deserves careful and thoughtful reading.

It is certain that Putnam Weale (Mr. Simpson) is not a novelist, though the book before us, "China's Crucifixion,"[2] is his second effort in its field. It is worth reading, however, for several reasons. We cannot see the reason for his title, nor the appropriateness of the quotation from Habakkuk with which the book begins—"Write the vision and make it plain upon tables that he may run that readeth it." The book has an interesting subject and contains important material, but as a novel it lacks plot and form; the style is not only heavy, it totally lacks grace. But the story is timely and no one knows better the matter that enters into it than Mr. Simpson. It is a story of the China of the present, the China of turmoil and civil strife. It centers in a local general, one of those whose ambitions and avarice have kept China in confusion for the last ten years. It details his schemes and maneuvers, his successes and failures. There are foreigners in the story, of course, and it is they who furnish the material for the "novel," in so far as there is a novel. There are white men who abet and aid the chief actor. The way in which the Chinese uses and manipulates the foreigner for his own advantage is well brought out. Mr. Simpson knows the Chinese as few. His General Wang is presented in various phases and relations, but all true to life—none more so than when, in a crisis, he sells out to the enemy. The novel is made up of the sayings and doings of the foreigners, but these only serve as an excuse for depicting General Wang and the strange intricacies of Chinese local warfare. The last lines of the final paragraph tell the story:

> Slowly up the sand-dune he (Gen. Wang) rode with the troop at his heels, back to his world which touched this (white man's) other world only in moments of need—which was isolated from this other world by barriers greater than time and space in the hours of mourning and grief; prepared to wait for a better hour, which would not fail to come just as brightness succeeds gloom, and calm the greatest storms; thinking already of new schemes which would allow him to rise to greater heights with the help of those who were so infallibly his co-adjustors and his dupes.

The general idea of Mrs. Hobart's book[3] and an introduction to the more conspicuous players in her drama are well given in her dedication. It reads:

> This book is dedicated to the men, women and children of all nations beleagured in Nanking March 24, 1927. Especially to my friend Consul John Ker Davis and my husband Earl Tisdale Hobart, and the four signalmen from the U. S. S. "Noa" and U. S. S. "William B. Preston" who bore the brunt of the attack at my home on Socony Hill, where fifty-two Americans and Britons were imprisoned.

It is a practically day-by-day record, which begins with July, 1926, when trouble in Hunan was spread-

(1) "San Min Chu I," "The Three Principles of the People." Sun Yat-sen. Shanghai: 1927. The Commercial Press, Ltd. Printed for the Institute of Pacific Relations. 8 vo. pp. xx, 514. Price: Cloth, $4.00; paper, $2.00.

(2) "China's Crucifixion." Putnam Weale. New York: 1928. The Macmillan Co. 16 mo. pp. i, 401. Price, $2.50.

(3) "Within the Walls of Nanking." Alice Tisdale Hobart. New York: (1928). The Macmillian Co. 16 mo. p. 243. Price, $2.25.

ing, trouble that drove the Hobarts from Changsha to Nanking. It was felt that *there,* Nanking, there was safety—with Shanghai only seven hours away. But the area of trouble widened. Mrs. Hobart traces the spread of the disaster; she tells how danger crept nearer and nearer; she gives vivid details of the debacle. The Nationalist army neared, took possession of the city, looted European houses and finally besieged them in their "beacon house on the hill."

It looked as if the worst would happen; for long no appeal was made to the warships down below, but at last the signals were given and the shells came as relief. The Nationalist officials responded to the voice of the big guns though not to the voice of the American Consul.

Mrs. Florence Ayscough contributes a proem of forty-four pages to the book, which has no especial relevance to Mrs. Hobart's story. The most interesting item in her presentation of the "social structure erected by the Chinese" is the emphasis she places upon the value of the old examination system. It is worthy of notice that by very diverse trails Mrs. Ayscough and Sun Yet-sen arrive at the same conclusion. China's significance was more largely due to this system, now discarded, than Young China realizes.

Prof. Mears of Stanford University has prepared an extremely valuable and important report upon the "Resident Orientals on the Pacific Coast."[4] It was prepared at the request of the American group of the 1927 conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. It is a thorough study of the operation and effects of the laws, regulations and judicial decisions affecting resident Chinese and Japanese on the American Pacific Coast. After a preliminary general statement, he considers in full detail Treaty Rights, Constitutional Guarantees, Naturalization, Exclusion, Personal Relations, Property Rights, Occupational Status, Segregation and Community Contacts. While in the nature of things such a discussion, important and valuable though it be, must be more or less dry and difficult reading. Prof. Mears has made this one even drier and more difficult than necessary. This he has done in two ways. First: in his desire to give all sides full opportunity and presentation, he quotes at tiresome length an enormous number of source materials. These are often diffuse and even without pertinence. Many of them contain but a line or two of significance, but are quoted in full. Prof. Mears would have done a real service if he had summarized and re-stated. Sources might be quite as justly represented and the book could easily have been cut down by 150 or 200 pages. If it is the object to fill pages, Prof. Mears, by a full application of his method, might have included the entire filled-out questionnaires received from his hundreds of correspondents. Second: Prof. Mears is himself often lacking in clearness. One must often read his statements more than once, if his meaning is to be grasped. As an example—in his Newspaper Story of the Enactment, he says:

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* strongly opposed this legislation, the Seattle *Union-Record* likewise opposed it, but took a more neutral stand, the Seattle *Star* was the outspoken opponent.

Surely Prof. Mears seems here to place the three papers on the same side of the question; such was not his purpose. Such ambiguous statements are not uncommon in his book. These criticisms do not prevent our recognition of the very great value of the report. It is a conscientious piece of work that represents an uncommon amount of labor. It is essential to all who are interested in its field. In the appendices are many general tables and a collection of select documents broader in scope and more comprehensive than any other that we know.

We have from time to time noticed the writings of Professor T. L. Vaswani. Heretofore they have been printed by local publishing houses and their acquisition has been somewhat difficult. Our author has, however, gained a definite hold on Young India and his name and fame are extending. His books are now printed by the Theosophical Publishing House at Adyar, Madras, and are likely to reach a larger outside public than heretofore. This house is bringing out a series under the general title of the "Glimpses Series."[5] Two of its volumes, "Glimpses," and "The Wisdom of the Rishis," have come to our table. The series is planned to give "true glimpses into the unseen and the hidden, but the real and everlasting facts of nature." The general attitude of our author is that India has a message for the present-day world; that the future must see a co-operation between the thought of the East and the West.

Neither the German passion for intellectual matters, nor the Greek delight in form and beauty, nor the English taste for generalizations from empirical data can, alone, give a constructive metaphysic. The mystical intuitions of the East must correct the abstractions of Western intellectualism.

FREDERICK STARR.

(4) "Resident Orientals on the Pacific Coast." Eliot Grinnell Mears. Chicago: 1928. The University of Chicago Press. 16 mo. pp. xvi, 545. Price, $3.00.

(5) "Glimpses." 16 mo. pp. 86. "The Wisdom of the Rishis." 16 mo. pp. 62. Adyar Madras: 1928. The Theosophical Publishing House.

Correspondence

"Five Years in America"

Editor of UNITY:

Lala Lajpat Rai sometime before his death had planned to write a book on "Five Years in America," and he was collecting materials for that book. He wrote to me on 20th August, 1928, as follows:

> "The next book I propose to take in hand is "Five Years in the United States." I intend to give an account of what I saw and did in the United States from 1914 to 1919. As the formation and work of the 'Home Rule League for India' will form an important chapter of this book, I need your help in writing it. I want you to supply me all the information and the documents which you may possess in connection therewith."

But fate willed it otherwise, Lalaji was snatched away from amongst us all when the nation could ill spare him. And consequently the proposed book remains unwritten.

It is my desire now to issue a special number of *The Volunteer* magazine which will be devoted solely to the life of Lala Lajpat Rai in the United States. I intend to bring out this number early next year, in February, 1929, if possible. I am also intending to publish the same matter in the form of a book later.

It is my desire to collect all available matter which the personal friends and admirers of Lalaji in the United States (both Indian and American) can supply to me in the form of reminiscences of the great leader with whom they came into contact during his stay in the States, and with this intention I am requesting my American brother editors, of such papers as are admirers of the late Lajpat Rai, to publish this letter of mine in their papers and

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

Germany

For International Friendship.

From Germany comes news of an organization calling itself "The Friends of International Pioneer Work." The objects of the Society are to further international understanding between Socialists in all countries, and include anti-war propaganda, the exchange of speakers and publications, mutual visits, etc. Although the organization confines its membership to Socialists, its broad principles of international understanding might well be copied by all shades of opinion. The bi-lingual news-sheet issued by the organization shows an enthusiasm and a thoroughness of method that are most encouraging, and from its own account there seems to be a strong movement all over the Continent arising from the work of the Friends of International Pioneer Work. (*No More War, November, 1928.*)

Capital Punishment to Be Abolished.

In a provisional ballot, the Parliamentary Commission on Criminal Law has rejected capital punishment. (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung, November 1, 1928.*)

Great Britain

An Engineer on Future Wars.

The following is an extract from the James Forrest lecture on "A Century of Inventions," delivered in the course of the Centenary Celebrations of the Institution of Civil Engineers by Sir Alfred Ewing, who during the war was in charge of the Admiralty department dealing with enemy cipher:

"I used, as a young teacher, to think that the splendid march of discovery and invention, with its penetration of the secrets of nature, its consciousness of power, its absorbing mental interests, its unlimited possibilities of benefit, was in fact accomplishing some betterment of the character of man. I thought that the assiduous study of engineering could not fail to soften his primitive instincts, that it must develop a sense of law and order and righteousness.

But the War came, and I realized the moral failure of applied mechanics. It was a shock to find that a nation's eminence in this department of intellectual effort did nothing to prevent a reversion to savagery, conscienceless, unbridled, made only the more brutal by its vastly enhanced ability to hurt. I saw that the wealth of products and ideas with which the engineer had enriched mankind might be prostituted to ignoble use. It served to equip the nations with engines of destruction incomparably more potent and ruthless than any known before. We had put into the hands of civilization a weapon far deadlier than the weapons of barbarism, and there was nothing to stay her hand. Civilization, in fact, turned the weapon upon herself. The arts of the engineer had, indeed, been effectually learned, but they had not changed man's soul. . . . There are people who glibly talk of 'the next great war.' I wonder if they know how near, in the last war, the world came to destruction through misapplying the endowment which it owes to the engineer. Do they realize that with added experience and further malignant ingenuity the weapons of a future war will be more than ever deadly, more than ever indiscriminate, and the peril to civilization will be indefinitely increased? Surely it is for the engineer, as much as any man, to pray for spiritual awakening, to strive after such a growth of sanity as will prevent the gross misuse of his good gifts. For it is the engineer who, in the course of his labors to promote the comfort and convenience of man, has put into man's unchecked and careless hand a monstrous potentiality of ruin." (*Brotherhood, October, 1928.*)

Expenditure for Past and Future Wars.

The National Council for Prevention of War has issued leaflet showing the distribution of Great Britain's annual expenditure of 740 million pounds. Of this sum £370,000,000 is paid as war debt, £115,000,000 for armaments, and £60,000,000 for war pensions, making together nearly three-quarters of the total national expenditure, or £59. 5 s. o. d. each year from every family in the country. Britain's annual contribution to the League of Nations is £120,000, ½ d. per head of the population. The entire Budget of the League amounts only to £1,075,000 per year.

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also to make an editorial request to all those concerned to send me at their earliest their contributions on the above subject to my following address. It is not possible for me to approach all friends and admirers of Lalaji through personal correspondence individually, especially as I do not know the present addresses of most of them. Those to whom I could write directly, have been already written to. But I pray that all our friends will consider this as my personal appeal to them individually and to send me their reminiscences of Lalaji as well as any other matter connected with Lalaji's stay in the States. Printed or manuscript articles, letters or other documents will be welcome. Those who desire that the material supplied by them should be returned to them, should send the same by registered post with instructions to that effect.

I once again appeal to all friends of Lalaji to help me make my present undertaking successful by sending their valuable contributions at an early date.

N. S. HARDIKER
Editor.

Office of
The Volunteer Magazine,
Hubli, (Karnatak) India.
November 27, 1928.

Nature's Harmony*

I hate your dirt, your noise, your blinding lights;
Your dust, your smoke, your poisoned air so thick
With fumes that scatter health and happiness.
Give *me*, the sweet, pure air of mountain paths;
The smell of hay, new mown and fit to mow;
The brook that leaps and bounds with merry sounds,
Or idly sleeps in some cool spot midst rocks,
Where nature sings her mirthful song and soothes
My spirit. Let wind and birds and swaying boughs
And merry insects fill the air with notes
That lull me into nature's harmony.

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER

*Dedicated to UNITY's campaign against NOISE!

PRIZES FOR UNITARIAN MINISTERS

The Unitarian Commitee on Recruiting the Ministry offer to Unitarian ministers three prizes of $100, $50 and $25 for the best essays of about 2,000 words on "THE WORTH OF THE MINISTRY." Essays should be sent to the Recruiting Committee at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than March 1st with the name of the author enclosed on a separate card.

The judges will be Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., Rev. Sydney B. Snow, D.D., Rev. Frederick M. Eliot, Rev. Lawrence Clare and Rev. F. R. Sturtevant.

The Committee reserves the right to withhold any or all prizes in default of essays of sufficient merit in the opinion of the judges. The Committee further asks the privilege of printing in whole or in part any of the essays submitted.

(*National Council for Prevention of War.*)

Poland

Protection by Violence.

A newly formed organization which has been called the "Polish League for Economic Self-sufficiency" has begun a vigorous campaign for discouraging—with the aid of physical violence if necessary—the sale of imported goods and encouraging the public to buy home-made products. The campaign was opened by a mob of Warsaw students demolishing a new store which an enterprising trader had named "Old England." This store, which is on the main shopping street of the capital, was about to be opened for the sale of British goods.

The formal opening of the campaign began with an enormous gathering on the Saxe Place parade grounds, in the centre of Warsaw, to witness the "execution" of importers and the wares they handle. A mock guillotine was erected in the centre of the square, and with great solemnity the executioner and his helpers proceeded to cut to pieces effigies of importers as well as various lines of goods that are now being sold in Poland to the supposed detriment of native industries. Boots and shoes from Great Britain, ladies' garments and cosmetics from France, glassware from Czecho-Slovakia, kitchen utensils from Germany, food products from the United States, and a miscellaneous assortment of other articles were chopped to pieces to the accompaniment of loud applause from the assembled multitude.

It is somewhat of a paradox that, while Polish statesmen and economists, heartily supported by Mr. Charles S. Dewey, the American Financial Adviser to the Polish Government, lay great stress on the claim that Poland's considerable excess of imports over exports denotes, in the first place, a healthy building up of the country's economic structure, and, secondly, that foreigners, who are, of course, financing the unfavorable trade balance, are showing the utmost confidence in the political and economic stability of Poland, irresponsible students at the same time are being incited to acts of violence and pantomime with the object of stopping the importation of foreign merchandise. (*Manchester Guardian Weekly, November 9, 1928.*)

Passing of a Great Peace Leader.

Dr. Josef Polak, President of the Polish Peace Society, has died in Warsaw in his seventy-first year. Dr. Polak had been the leading person in peace circles in Poland for many years. His work after the war was very effective because of the high esteem in which he was held by his own people as a result of his services in combating malaria. Dr. Polak was one of the enthusiastic supporters of the Friends' work towards a better understanding between the German and the Polish peoples, and his has been a life rich in experience in good work. (*The Messenger of Peace, October, 1928.*)

Rumania

War Resisters.

Reaction and militarism in Rumania are all-powerful, but not all-prevailing. Large numbers of so-called "deserters" leave the country in order to evade military conscription, while many religious conscientious objectors pass through the Court every year into the prisons. Quite recently the Rumanian Government tried to raise money for the Air Fleet through a so-called voluntary levy. The Trades Unions were asked to collect contributions among the workers and urged by the political police, "Siguranza," to carry out this collection. Hundreds of progressive Trades Unionists refused to cooperate. The Government at once had all these pacifist leaders of the working class arrested. At present about 250 are still in the military prison at Clausenburg. After having been subjected to tortures of the worst kind, three of them committed suicide. (*The War Resister, October, 1928.*)

Russia

Tolstoy Celebrations.

The Russian Government has celebrated the centenary of Tolstoy's birth with great ceremony. Valentin Bulgakov, Tolstoy's last secretary, founder of the Tolstoy Museum in Moskow, President of the Czecho-Slovakian Fellowship of Reconciliation, who is at present living in exile near Prague, has been refused permission by the Soviet Government to return home. Bulgakov was even threatened with deportation to the ill-famed Solovetzki Islands in the White Sea if he dared to return to Russia. The only crime laid at the door of Tolstoy's secretary is his faith in the Tolstoyan principles!

Nothing has been heard with regard to an amnesty for the Tolstoyans and the conscientious objectors to military service, who are at the present moment in prison in Russia. (*Ed.*)

Sweden

Students for Disarmament.

About a hundred students are devoting their services to go, two by two, throughout the country, gathering up the growing national call for disarmament; holding hundreds of meetings, sometimes two or even three in a day, as there is a growing conviction that to a comparatively small nation such as theirs armaments are no real protection and they would be safer and far better without them. (*Peace and Goodwill, October 15, 1928.*)

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